The Miller

My eye may speak pleasure
My tongue flow without measure
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still
Thus the river is flowing
The mill-clapper going
But the miller's asleep in his mill.

Tho' lovers surround me
With speeches confound me
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still
Thus the river is flowing
The mill-clapper going
But the miller asleep in his mill.—

The little god eyes me
And thanks to surprise me
But my heart is awake in my breast
Thus boys slyly creeping
Would catch the bird sleeping
But the linnets awake in the nest.—

A Song by Major Andre. —

Return enraptur'd hours
When Delia's heart was mine

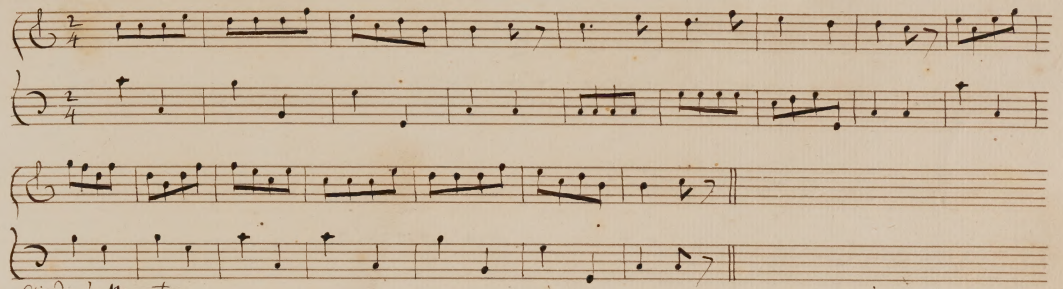
A Song by Major Andere

Return enraptur'd hours

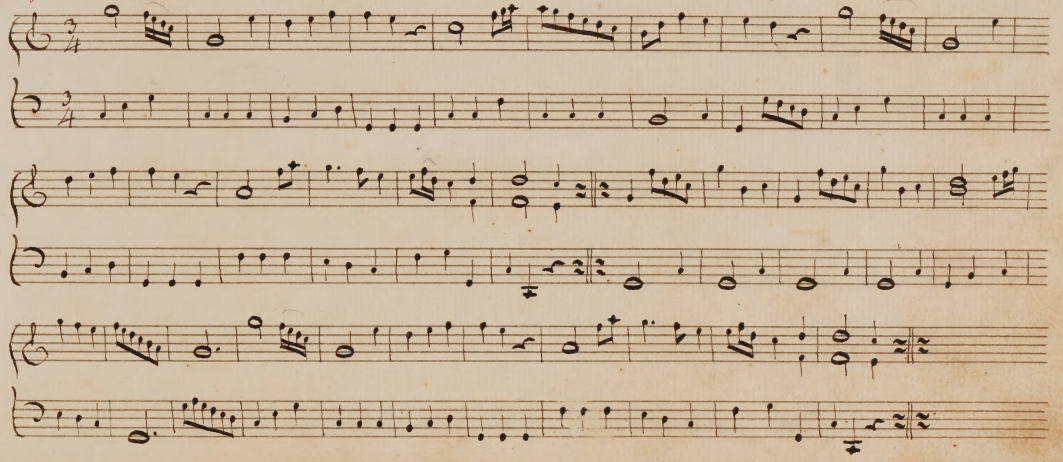
When Delia's heart was mine

When Delia's heart

Aria



Giordan's Menuet.

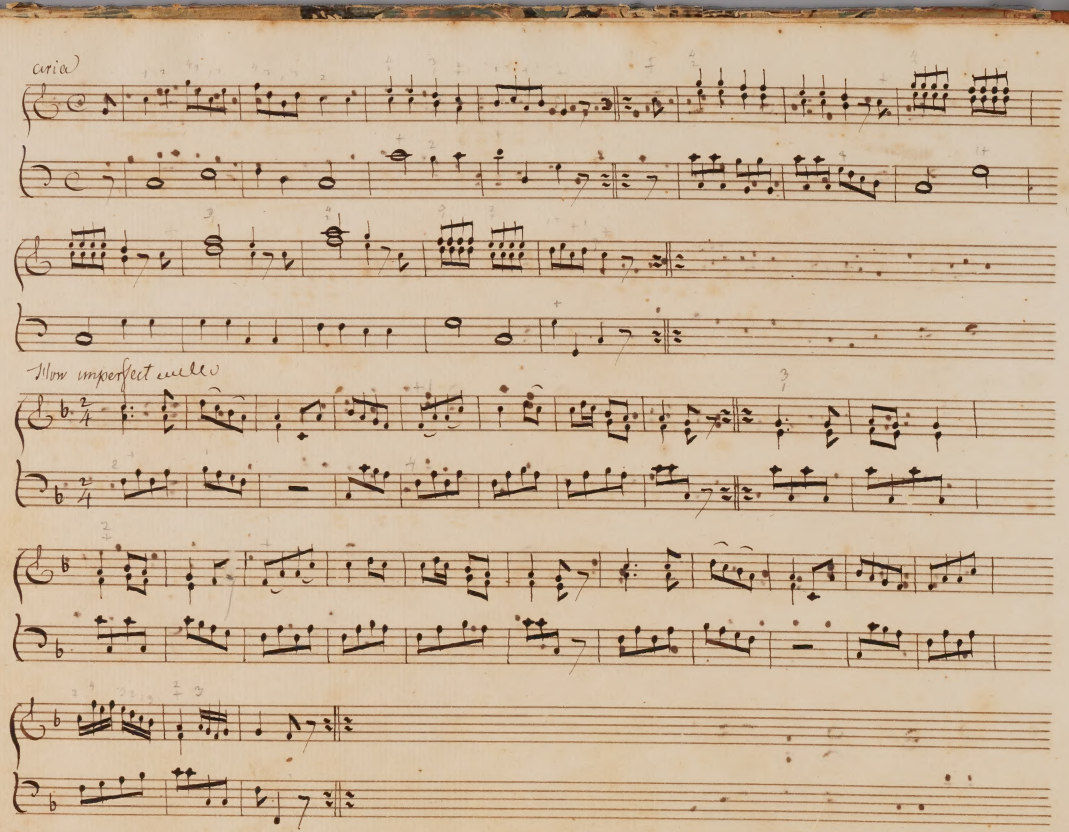


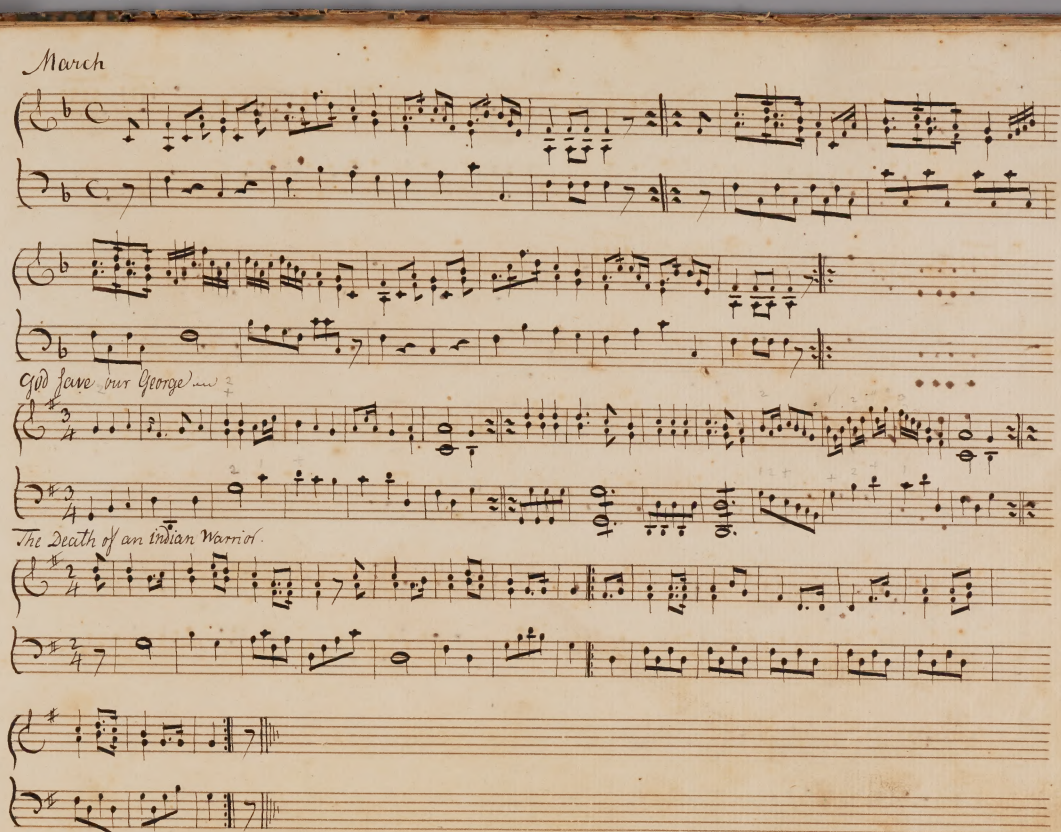
Aria

March De l'Opera Dieu de l'amour.

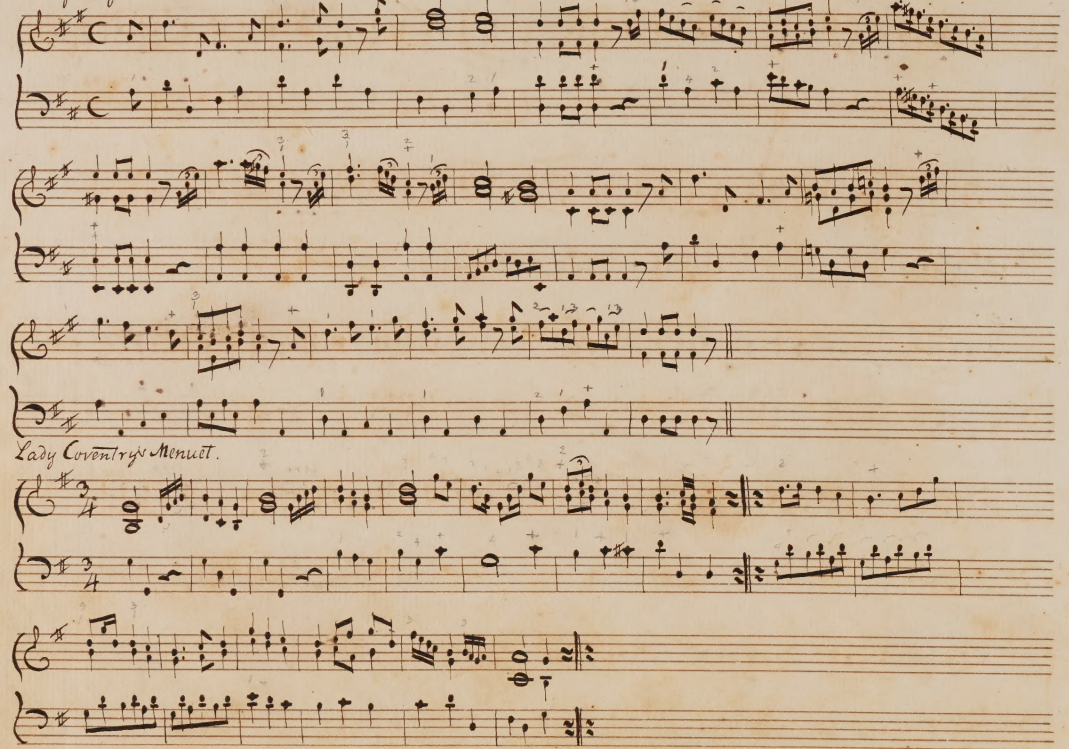
Air by Handel:

Chanson du Figaro


aria
Slow imperfect mello


March
3
God Save (our George) ma
The Death of an Indian Warrior

King Christians March.



Lady Coventrys Menuet.

a Song from Sigr Metastasio.

ah Delia see the fatal hour farewell my Souls De-light! But how shal wretched Damon live thus banish'd from thy
Sight! To my fond heart no rival Joy supplies the Loss of Thee. But who can tell if Thou my dear will ever remember me!

a Swedish Menuet.

The Drum.

Romance.

Flow'r, that Zephyr fond careſses, ſprung from tears by morning ſhed; brighteſt flow'r that Flora dreſses, Now thy blushing
beauties ſpread. Yet ſo ſoon thy glowing treaſures, flaunt not to the garriſh Sun; Oh too tranſient
care ſuch pleaſures, Scarce we view them ere they're gone!

Caſia is a bud new blooming,
thou like her now boaſts thy prime;
but ere long, that prime conſuming,
ſhe like thee, muſt yield to time.

There the ſnow-white heav'n admiring
breathe thy fragrant life away;
while, with jealouſy expiring,
I behold thy ſpear decay,

Then, as partial love's revealing,
to which Orb thou ſhalt incline;
Oh! adorn without concealing!
Oh! offend not as you ſhine!

Quit, o roſe, thy thorny manſion,
gladly with the Nymph abide;
O'er her boſom's fair expanſion
laviſh all thy purple pride!

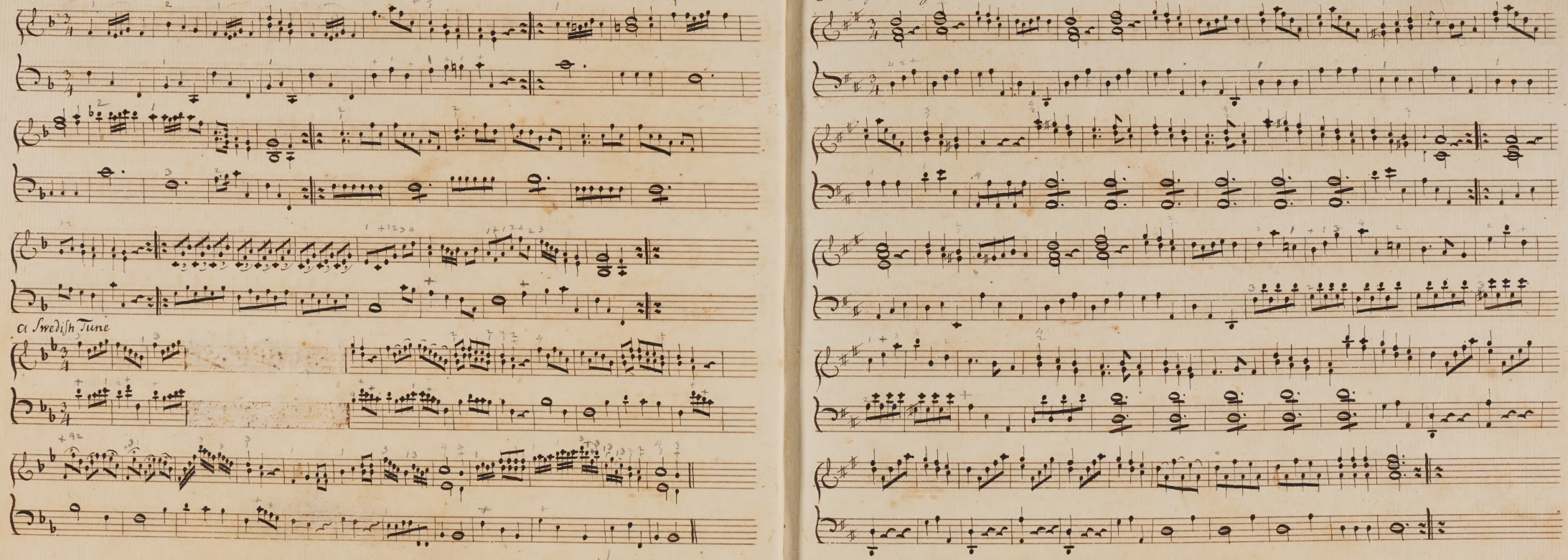
Such the bliſs kind fate may give thee;
and, when on her breaſt you die;
She with ſighs ſhall ſoon revive thee,
if that breaſt can heave a ſigh.

and ſhould'ſt thou by ſome rude lover
thence with envious rage be torn;
let the ſoaring wretch diſcover
Vengeance lurks beneath thy thorn!

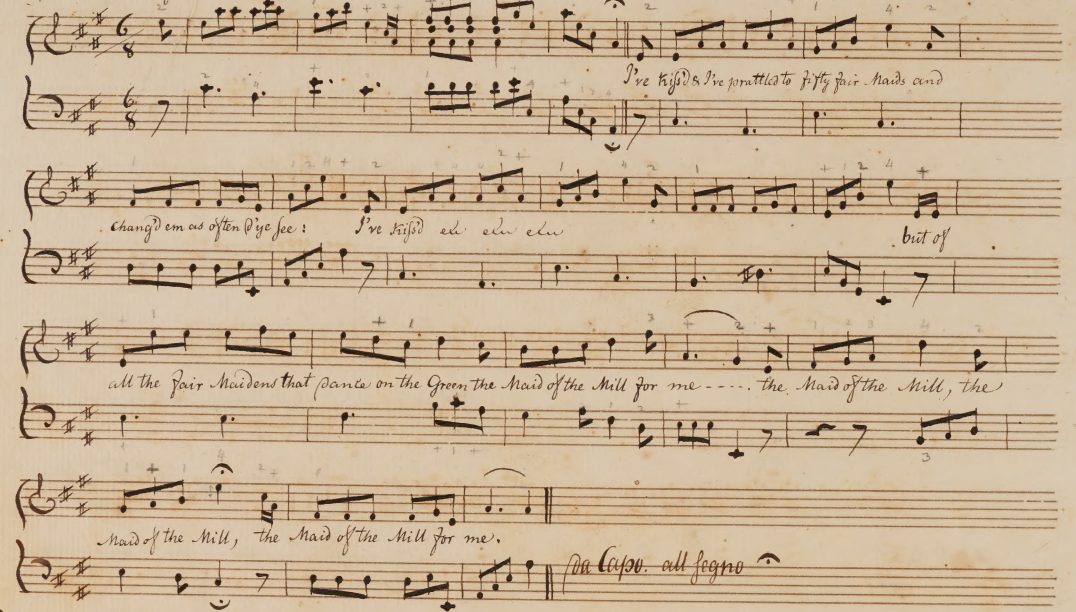
Menuet du Roi de Dannemarck.

a Swedish Tune

Air by Stamitz.



The Maid of the Mill.

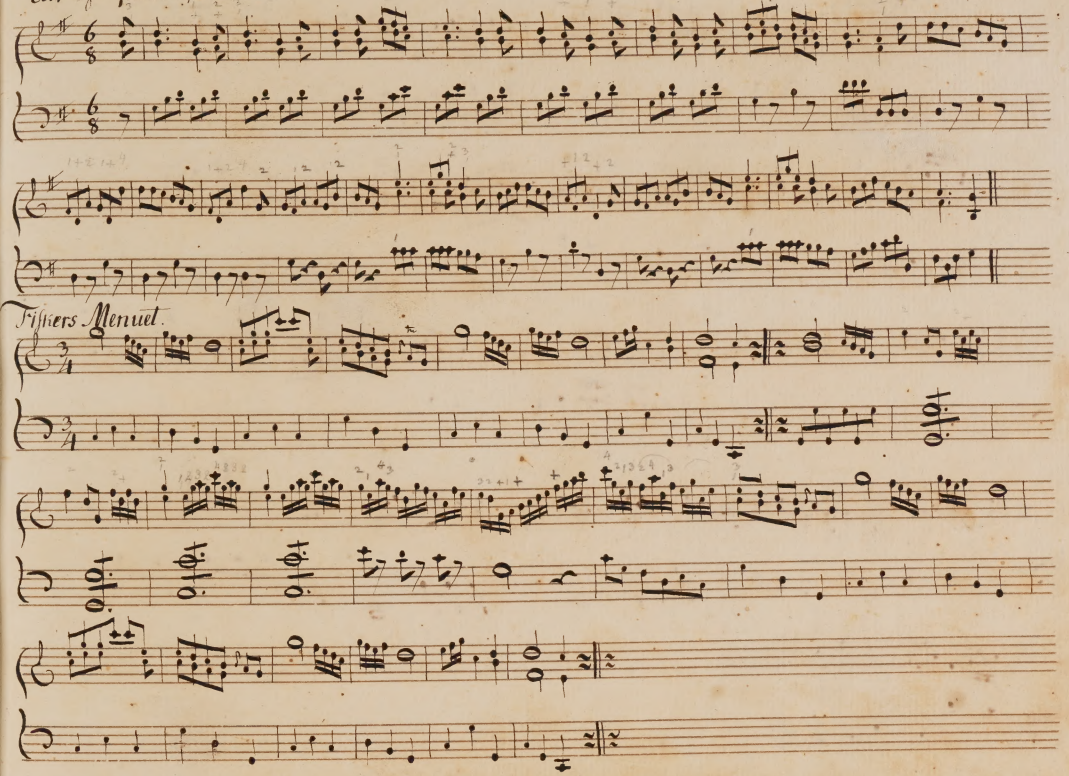

I've kiss'd & I've prattled to fifty fair Maids and
Chang'd em as often I'ye see: I've kiss'd ed elu elu
but of
all the fair Maidens that dance on the Green the Maid of the Mill for me ---- the Maid of the Mill, the
Maid of the Mill, the Maid of the Mill for me.
Da Capo. all segno

Phoebe
There's fifty young Men have told me fine tales
and call'd me the fairest Tree.
but of all the gay Wrestlers that sport on the Green,
Young Harry's the Lad for me.

William
Her eyes are as black as the Sloe in the Hedge
her face like the blossoms in May;
Her teeth are as white as the new shorn Flock
her breath like the new made Hay.

Phoebe.
He's tall & he's strait as the Poplar Tree,
his Cheeks are as fresh as a Rose:
He looks like a Squire of high Degree
when Drest in his Sunday Cloaths.

air of a French Opera.



Fishers Menuet.

Menuet de la Reine.

Minor. 2

Chanson dans les trois Fermiers.

allegro

March for the Janizaries

a Song:

Duetto in the Critick:

andante

Cruel flatt'rer you deceiv'd me, and true

duc'd my feeling heart; weeping sighing flatt'ring lying, pledge your Youth with Smile and Curl, traitor

false unkind deceiver, all my Griefs first Sprung from You; Love, fond Love and tender passion, bid me

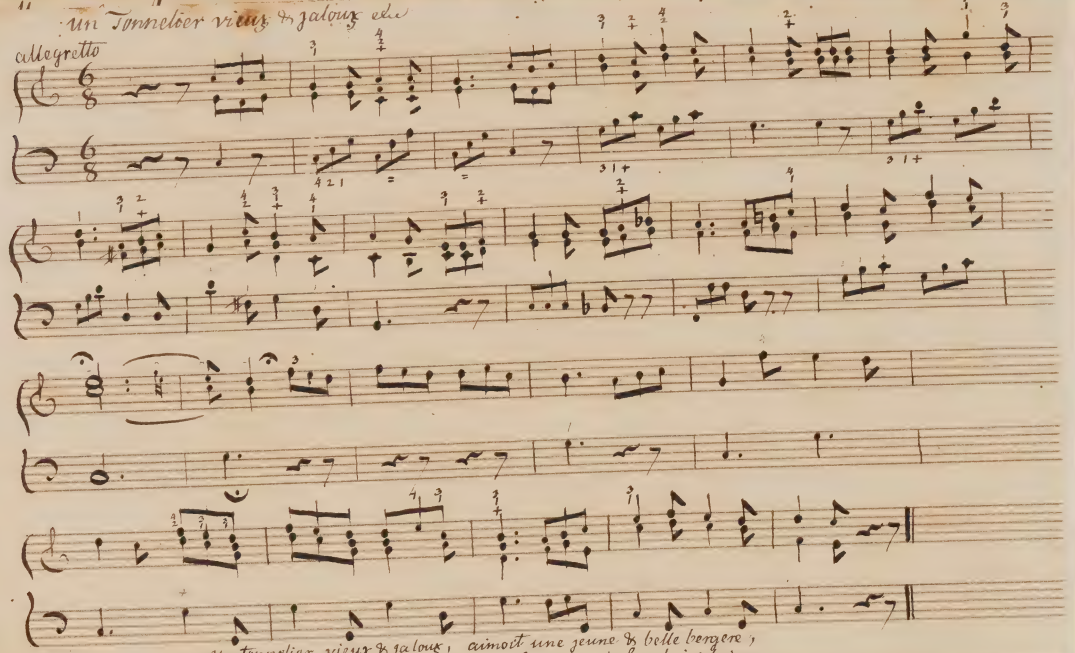
think You would prove true;

But for-sworn your cruel wrongs merits now my just disdain;
Go elsewhere ungreateful Lover, I my Liberty regain;

Traitor false, unkind deceiver, all my Griefs first sprung from you,
but to Love and You for ever, will I bid a long adieu.

Un Tonnelier vieux & jaloux &c

Allegretto

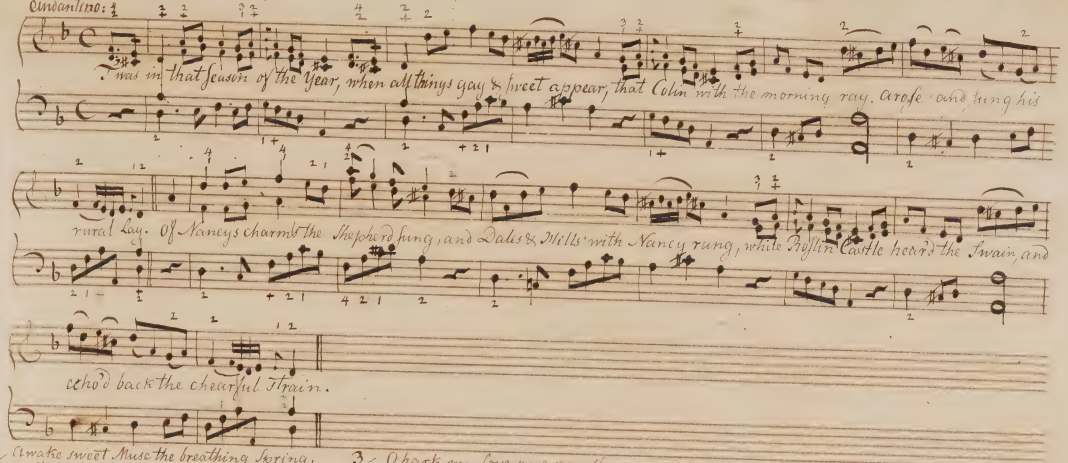


Un tonnelier vieux & jaloux, aimoit une jeune & belle bergere,
Il comptoit être son epoux, mais il n'avoit pas feu lui plaire;

Lubin, berger jeune & bien fait, courtisoit la belle en secret!
Travailles Travailles bon tonnelier, racommodes votre Cuvier.

Moslin Castle.

Andantino: 4/4



'Twas in that Season of the Year, when all things gay & sweet appear, that Colin with the morning ray, arose and sung his
rural Lay. Of Nancys charms the Shepherd sung, and Dales & Hills with Nancy rung, while Moslin Castle heard the Swain, and
echo'd back the chearful Strain.

2 Awake sweet Muse the breathing Spring,
with rapture warms awake and sing
awake & join the vocal throng,
and hail the morning with a Song:
To Nancy raise the chearful lay,
O bid her hasste & come away;
In sweetest smiles her self adorn,
and add new graces to the morn.

3 O hark my Love on every Spray,
each feather'd warbler tunes his lay,
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
and Love inspires the melting Song.
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nancys eyes,
and Love my rising Bosom warms
and fills my Soul with sweet alarms.

4 O come my Love, thy Colins lay
with Rapture calls: O come away,
Come while the Muse thy wreath shall twine
around that modest brow of thine
O hither hasste & with thee bring
that beauty blooming like the Spring,
those Graces that divinely shine
and charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

A Danish Composition.

Moderato.

Why should I chearful backward turn my sight, when Love each Scene before me cheers: when

smiling Hope unfolds her radiant Light, and gilds with Joy the coming Years! The fleeting Clouds, the

sudden Blast may dim a while the Mornings Eye, but when the transient

Gloom is past, the brightest Colours deck the Sky; the brightest Colours

deck the Sky.

Ballade by Tickell.

The music by M. Gram. 1786.

Of Leinster fam'd for maidens fair, bright Lucy was the Grace; — nor cot or Lily's limpid stream reflect so sweet a face — ! Till

luckless Love and pining Care impair'd her rosy hue; = = Her Coral Lips and damask Cheeks, and

eyes of glossy blue.

2

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
when beating rains beat on the vale?
Or have you mark'd the flow'r declining
when all the morn the dew was pining?
Or have you view'd the moon in tears
in misty mantle mourning stand
like her, who mourns her perish'd years,
like her, who wrings her fair white hand?

3

Three times all in the dead of night
a bell was heard to ring,
and shrieking at her window thrice
the raven flapp'd his wing.
Too well the lovelorn maiden knew
the solemn boding sound:
thus, thus, in days of yore
the fate of her true love was drowned!

4

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
which says, I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
which beckons me away.
By a false heart & broken vows,
in early youth I die;
and I to blame, because his bride
was thrice as rich as I.

5

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
vows due to me alone!
nor think, fond maid, receive his sighs,
nor think how all they vows
to morrow in the church to wed,
impatient both prepare!
but know fond maid & know false man,
that Lucy will be there!

6

Then bear my corse, my comrades, bear,
this bridegroom to the to meet,
he in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
the bridegroom to the to meet,
he in his wedding trim so gay,
she in her winding sheet.

7

Then what were perjur'd Colins thoughts
how were their nuptials kept?
the bridemen flock'd round lucy dead,
and all the village wept.
Confusion, shame, remorse, despair
at once his bosom swell:
the damps of death bedew his brow,
he shook, he groan'd, he fell.

8

From the vain bride, ah bride no more!
the varying crimson flies,
when, stretch'd before her rival's corse
he saw her husband dies.
When to his Lucy's new made grave,
convey'd by trembling swains,
one mould with her beneath one pall,
for ever he remains.

9

Oft at this grave, the constant maid
and plighted maid are seen;
with garlands gay & true love knots,
the place the sacred green;
but swain forsworn whoe'er thou art,
this hallow'd spot forbear;
remember Colins dreadful fate,
and fear to meet him there!

Cantabile con Variationi. Dell Sig^r Dietz.

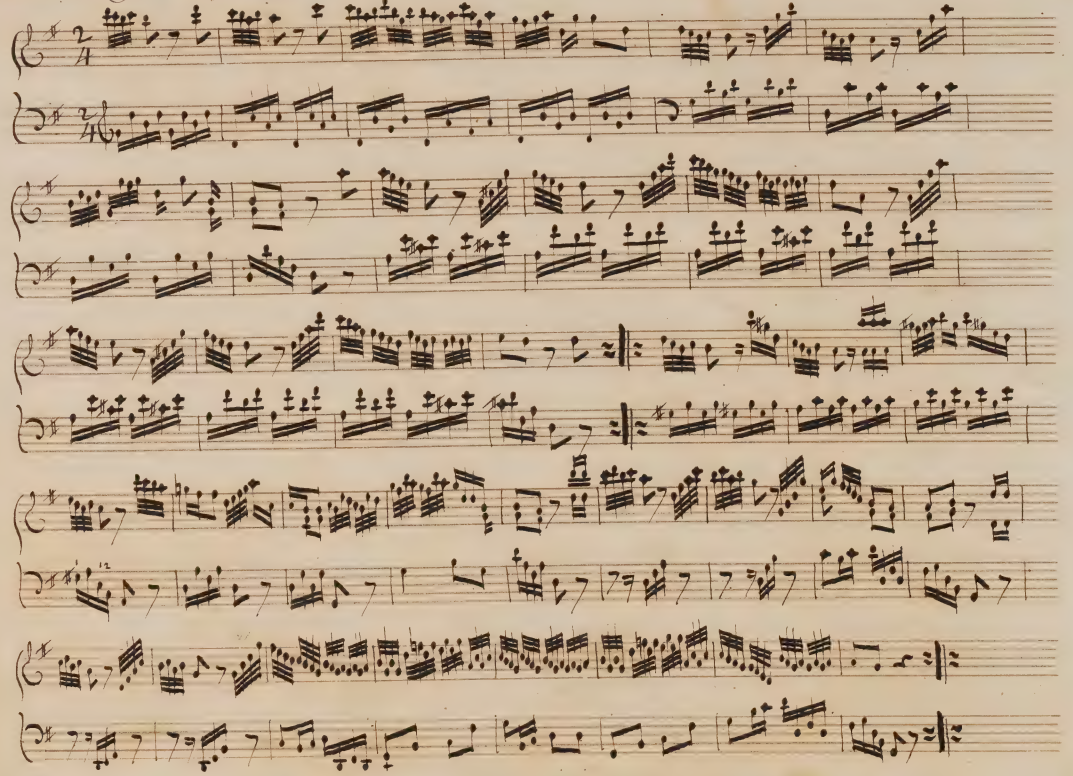
p. f.

Var.

Minore

Majore

Andante Grazioso par J. C. Bach.



A Song by Lord Lyttleton. the Musick set by Gram.

Andante Grazioso

The nexty hours are
almost past that part my Love and me, my longing eyes may
hope at last their only wish to see; but how my Delia will you meet the
Da Capo
Man you've lost so long; will Love in all your pulses beat and tremble on your tongue.
all Segno

Will you in every look declare
your heart is still the same;
and heal each wily anxious care
our fears in absence frame:
Shall Delia, this I paint the Scene
when prettily we shall meet
and try what yet remains between
of lovering time to cheat.

But if the Dream that soothes my mind
shall false & groundless prove;
if I am found at length to find
you have forgot to love;
Tell I of Honest ask, is this:
No more to let us join;
but grant me here the flattering bliss,
to Die and think you mine.

Composé pour deux Violons par Mancinelli
arrangé pour le Clavecin par H. Gram.

Allegro

Choral

Siciliano.

The music is composed by Grétry
The words are by Math: Prior.

against our peace we

arm our Will, we sigh, we wish for something still;

against our peace we arm our Will, we sigh, we wish = = against our peace we arm our will, we sigh we wish for something

still for something still; That something if we could obtain, would soon create a nature pain! Busy Sorrow

S. volti

for to morrow is but Loose of rest, but Loose of rest in vain. Busy Sorrow for to morrow

is but Loose of rest, but Loose of rest in vain. Birds and

Fishes free from wanting, never wish'd nor car'd nor cry'd, so they lived and so they dyed; birds & fishes free from wanting, never wish nor car'd nor cry'd, never

wish'd nor car'd nor cry'd, so they lived & dyed. Mankinds Life, Is but panting; Follies passions Labours tumults

is our fate; Mankinds Life is but panting, Follies passions labours tumults, Follies passions labours tumults is our fate, Mankinds

adagio. tempo di prima

Life: poor Soul thou dread'st & hop'st thou know'st not what. Against our peace we arm our will, we sigh we

wish for something still! against our peace we

arm our will we sigh we wish - - against our will we arm our will we sigh we wish for something still for something

fled: that something if we could obtain - - would soon create a future pain. Busy Sorrow for to

morrow is but Loose of rest, but Loose of rest in vain; Busy Sorrow

for to morrow is but Loss of rest, but Loose of rest in vain. Busy, Sorrow

for to morrow is but Loss of rest, but Loose of rest in vain; Busy Sorrow for to morrow is but

Loose of rest in vain. Busy Sorrow for to morrow is but Loose of rest but

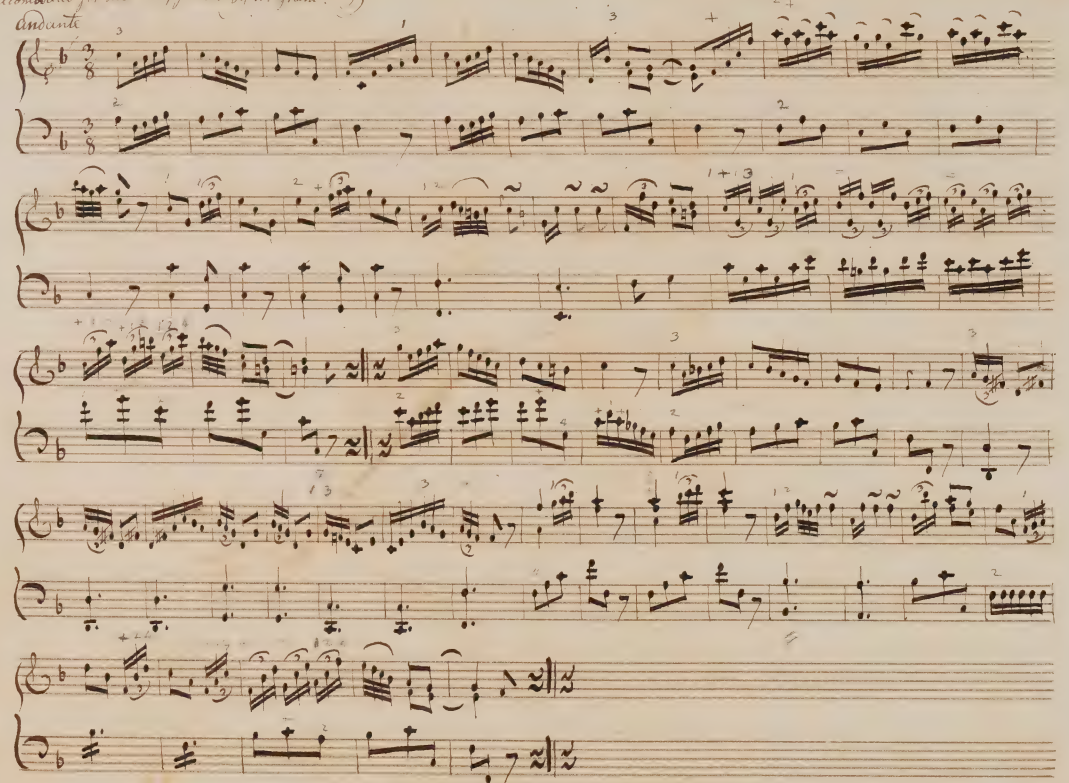
Loose of rest in vain.

a Composition by Edward Miller.

Largo

A Composition for two Violins by Mancinelli accommodated for the Harpsichord by H: Graun.

Andante



Wolfe.

In a mould'ring Cave where the wretches retreat, Britannia sat wasted with Care; She wept for her Wolfe there
claim'd against Fate & gave herself up to Despair. The walls of her Cell she had sculptured around with exploits of her favourite
Son; and even the Dust on which it lay on the Ground was engrav'd with the deeds he had done.

The Eye of the Gods from his Chrystaline throne
Beheld the sad Comfortless Dame;
And mov'd with her tears he sent Mercury down,
and these were the Tidings that came:
Britannia forbear, not a Sigh not a Tear,
For thy Wolfe so fervently lov'd,
thy Grief shall be chang'd into triumphs of Joy,
for thy Wolfe is not dead but remov'd.

The Lords of the earth the proud giants of old
have broke from their darksome abode,
and such is the news for in heaven it is told,
They're marching to war with the Gods.
A Council was held in the chamber of Jove,
And this was the final decree;
That Wolfe should be call'd to the Armies above,
And the Charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the speed I flew,
he begg'd for a moment delay.
He cry'd forbear, let me victory hear,
and then your Commands I'll obey;
With a dark some film I encompassed his eyes,
and bore him away in an urn;
Lest the fondness he bore for his own native shore,
Should tempt him again to return.

General King's March.

Return unrapturd hours. ~

A Song by General Monk.

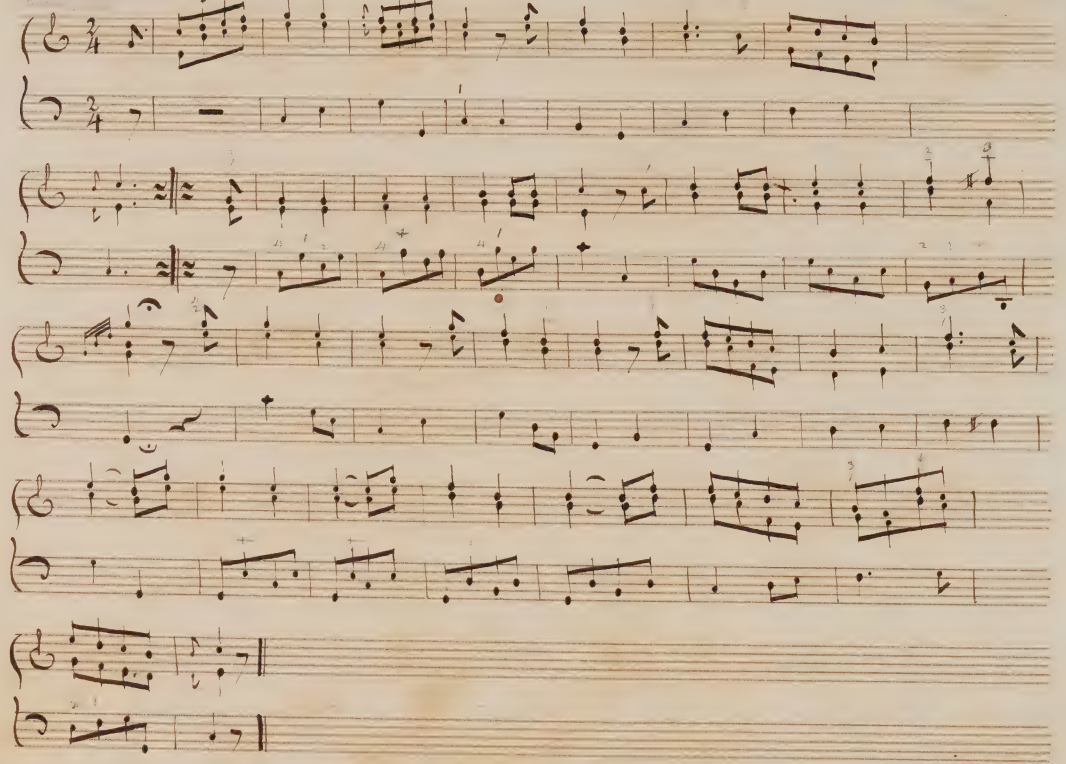
Andante & Maestoso:

Hark how the glorious Trumpet sounds 'tis honour calls to war! now Love! I leave perhaps for wounds & beauty for a Scar, but

ah suppress those ri= =sing Sighs; ah check that falling Tear, left Soft Drops from lovely eyes creates a new born Fear.

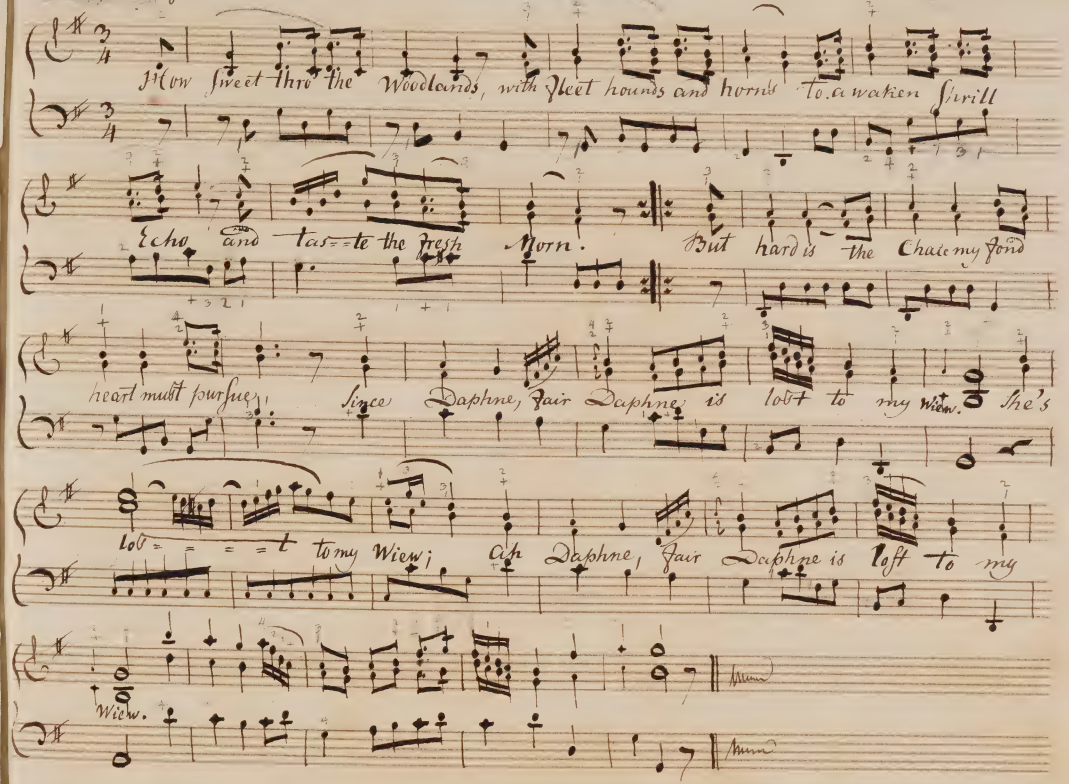
When Britain first at

young Colin.

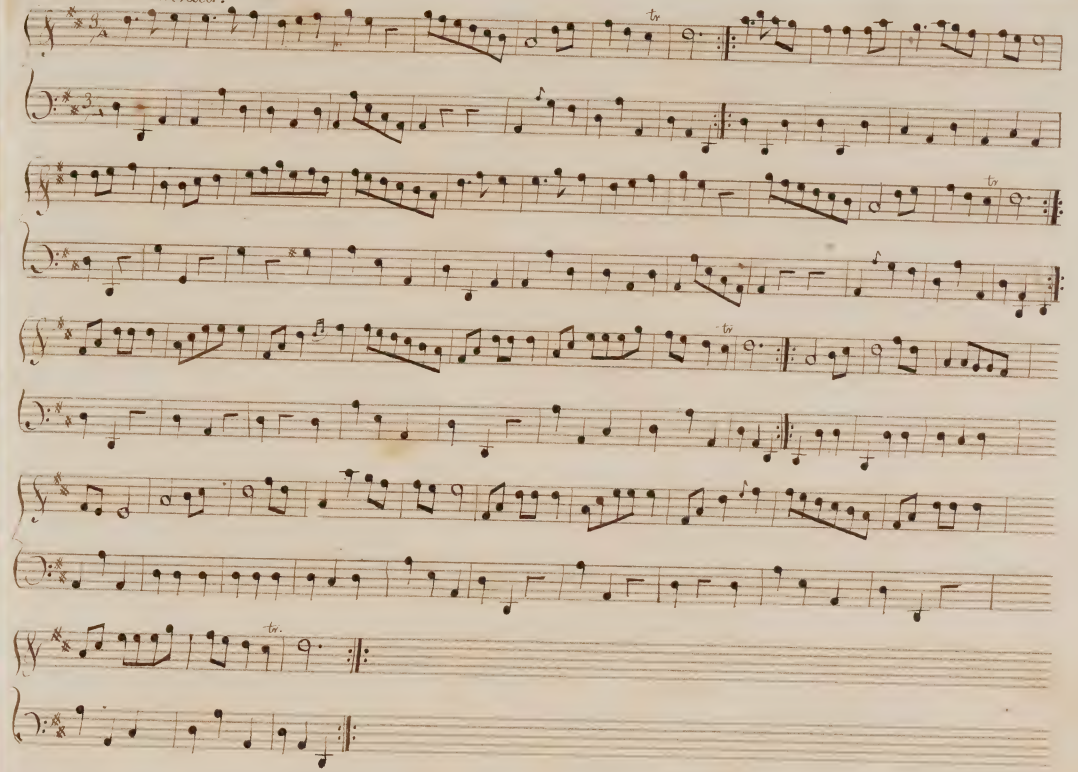


Through the Woodlands.

How sweet thro' the Woodlands, with fleet hounds and horns To awaken shrill Echo and taste the fresh Morn. But hard is the Chace my fond heart must pursue, Since Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view. She's lost to my View; Ah Daphne, fair Daphne is lost to my View.



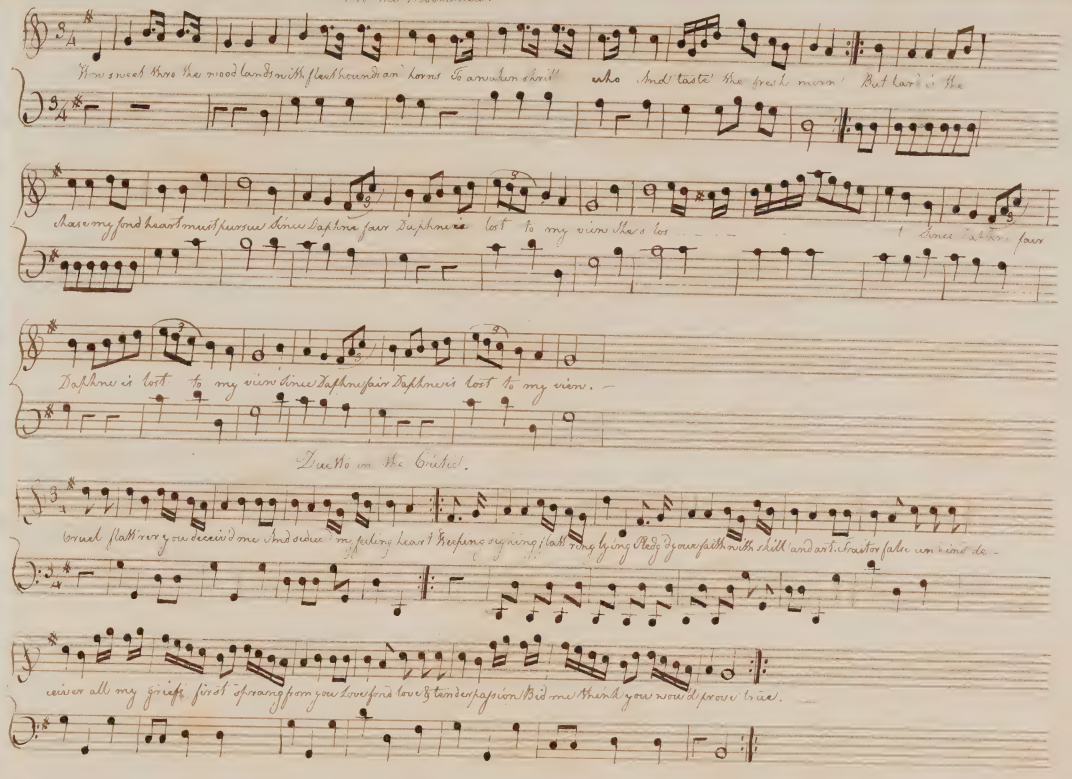
Martini's Minuet.



Down the Downy Tawny Cove.

Return enraptur'd hours
Return enraptur'd hours When Be — lia's heart was mine When she with wreaths of flowers — My tem — ples did entwine
jealousy Envy rose — rod — ed in my breast But vision light as air — Pow — ed — ed o'er my rest.

Thro the Woodlands.


How sweet thro the woodlands with fleet hounds an' horns To awaken the
who And taste the fresh morn But last is the
Alas my fond heart must pursue since Daphne fair Daphne is lost to my view Alas is lost
since Daphne fair
Daphne is lost to my view since Daphne fair Daphne is lost to my view.

Duetto in the Cricket.

cruel flatt'rer you deceiv'd me And since my feeling heart Prepares to sing a
flatt'ring lay by my Pain Prove your faith with skill and art. Traitor false unkind de -
ceiver all my griefs first sprang from you Love's a tender passion Bid me think you would prove true.

Waltz.

The Lucky Night.

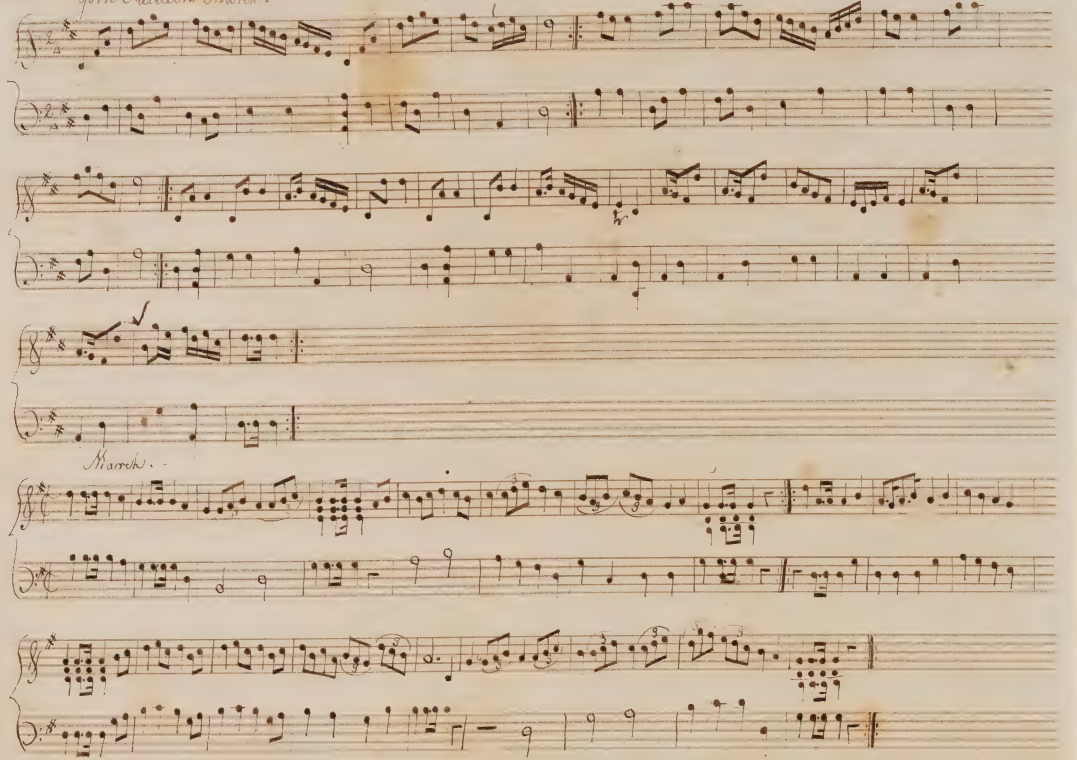
The Usurpation.

The Miller.

Boston March.

Boston March.

York Fusileers March.



March.

Ye Fair proposed, or instruction for the Fair

Ye fair proposed of ev'ry charm To captivate the will. Where smiles can vace Where frowns at once can kill; Say will ye deign to
wou to hear When flattery bears no part; 'Tis honest verse that flows sincere And can - did from the heart.
Great is your power, and greater yet, Mankind it might engage;
Attend the counsel often told, Too often told in vain;
If as you all can make a net, You all would make a cage.
Learn that best art, the arts to hold And lock the lover's chain.
Each nymph a thousand hearts might take, For who's so beauty blind?
Gamesters so little fear to lose, Who love again as fast;
But to what end a prize never make Unless you've strength to bind?
The beauty may the charm begin 'Tis sweetness binds it fast.

Fetton's Jigg.

March — the God of Love. —

The Drum.

Symph.

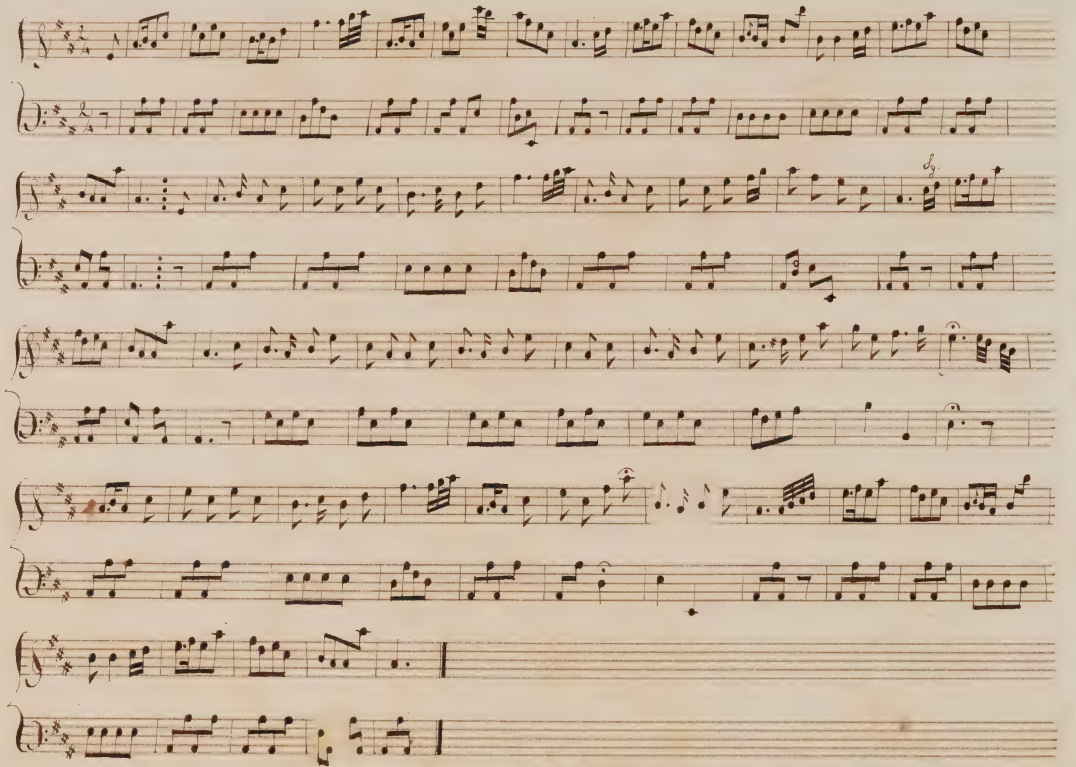
Allegretto.

When

William at eve meets me down at the stile, How sweet is the Nightingale's song: When William at eve meets me down at the stile, How

sweet is the Nightingale's song. By the day I forget all the labour and toil While the Moon plays yon branches among. While the Moon

play - - -



The Sky-Lark

Adagio

Andante

Go tuneful bird that glad'st the skies To Daphne's windows speed thy

way And there on quiv'ring pinions rise And there thy vocal wit display on quiv'ring pinions rise! Tuneful bird that glad'st the skies To

Daphne's windows to Daphne's windows speed thy way. And if she deign thy

note to hear, And if she praise thy matin song, Tell her the sounds — that swells her care To Damon's

native plaine to sing. Tell her in earlier plaine as may, The wind from Indian groves may die

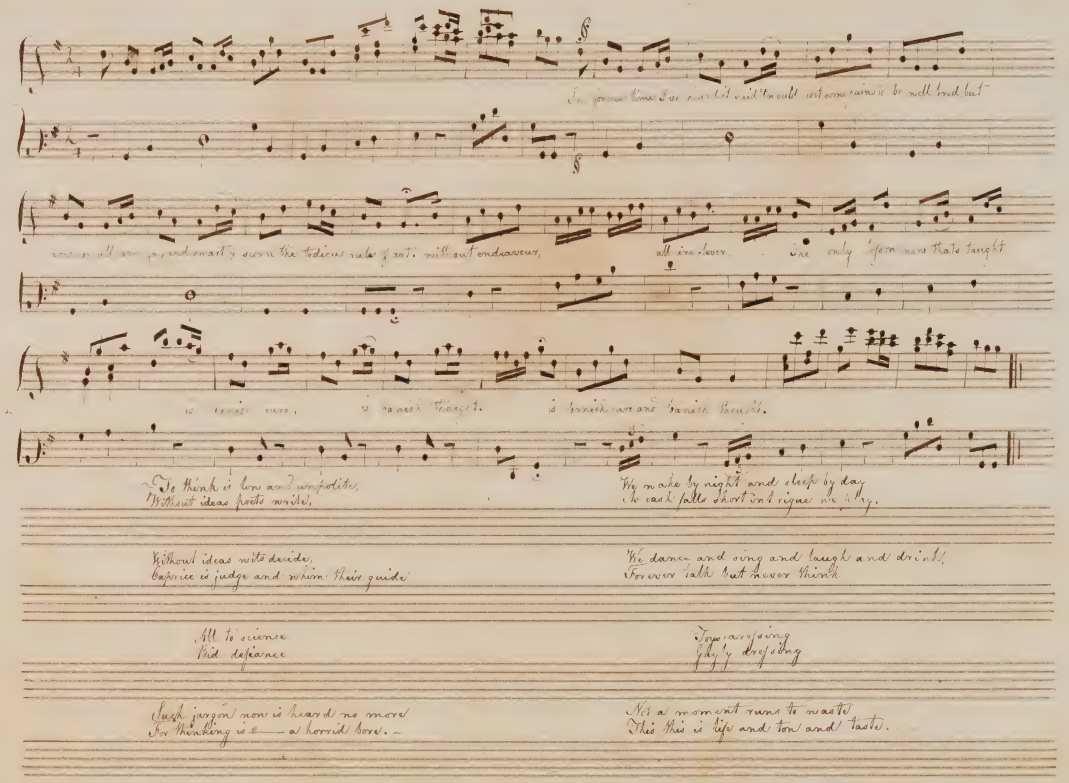
p. But ask the lovely fearful maid, what are his notes compar'd to thine, what are his notes compar'd to thine, com-

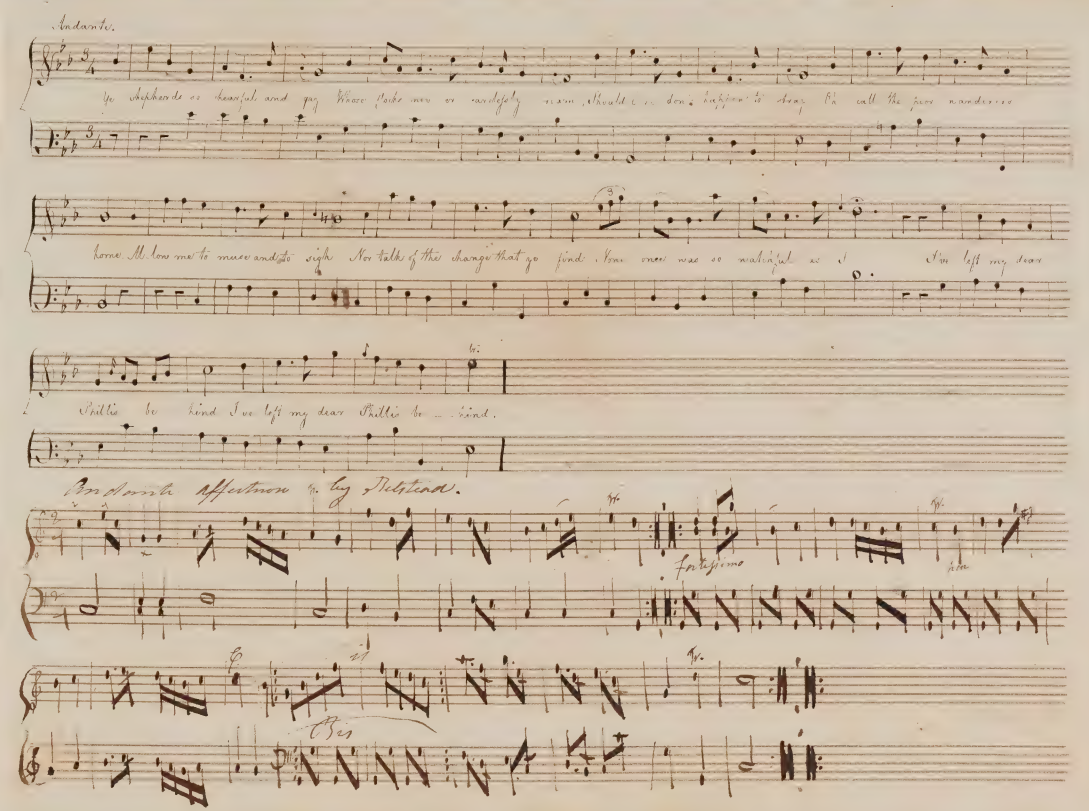
par'd to thine. Then bid her treat you with less scorn, And all his flaunting vaine with scorn; And lend one ear to Damon's vain to Damon's

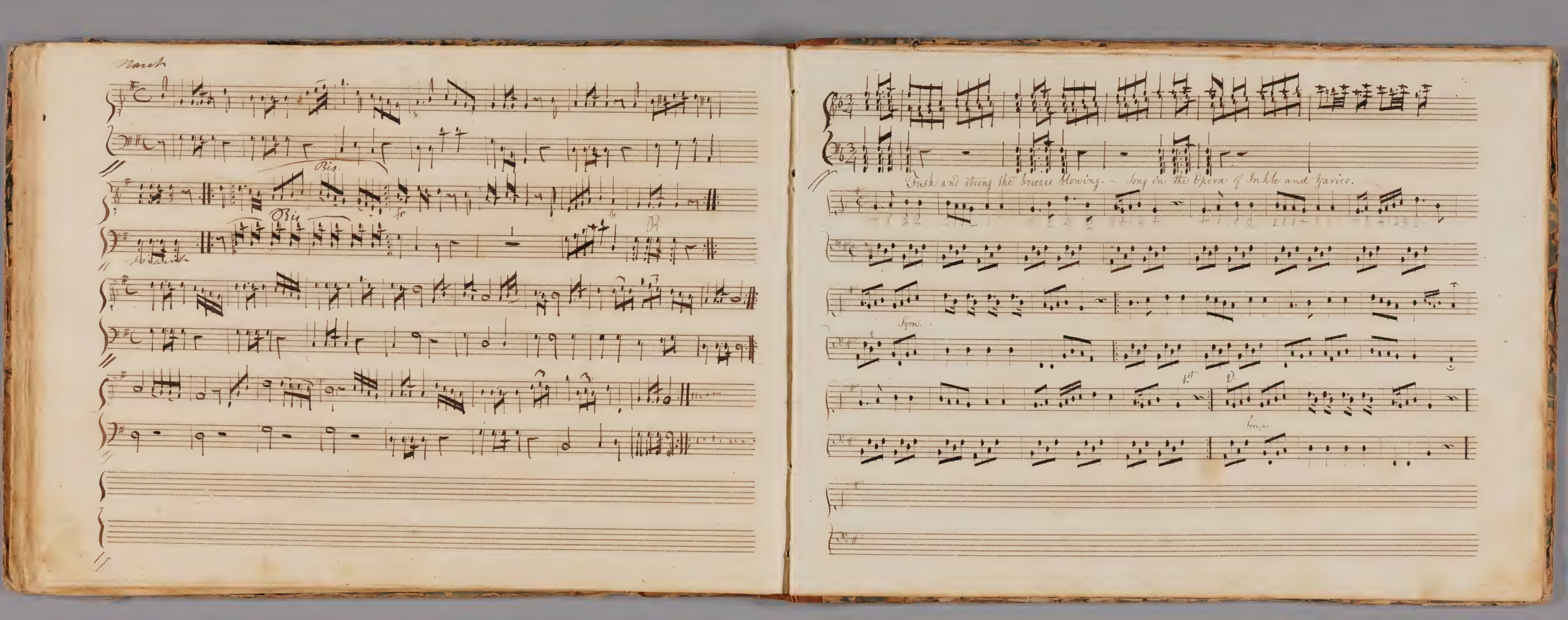
vain to Damon's vain but sing for love, but sing for love sing her praise, her praise, her praise, lend one ear to Damon's

vain but sing for love sing her praise that sings for love.

In my dreams


To think is low and unpolite,
Without ideas polite we're,
Without ideas nits decide,
Caprice is judge and whim their guide
All to science
Bid defiance
Such jargon now is heard no more
For thinking is a — horrid bore. —
Fly make by night and sleep by day
So cast false short int rigue we fly.
We dance and sing and laugh and drink,
Forever talk but never think
Together joying
Gaily employing
Not a moment runs to waste
This this is life and ton and taste.


Andante.
Ye shepherds so cheerful and gay Where ever you carelessly roam Should you chance to stray Pha call the pow wanderers
home Ill low not to move and to sigh Not talks of the change that you find None ever was so watchful as I Am left my dear
Phillis be kind I've left my dear Phillis be — kind.
Fortissimo


March
Bis.
Bis.
fr
Fresh and strong the breezes blowing. — Song in the Opera of Inkle and Yarico.
Sym.
1st
2nd.

My Dog and Gun.

Swiss Shawe Association.

I sigh and lament me in vain These walls can but echo my moan It has it's increase my pain Without

thinks on the days that are gone — Thro' the grate of my prison I see The birds as they wanton in air My heart loves

yards to be you My locks thereon add with the grain. —

4

Allegro following Beth'ad's Andante —

pia

Favorite March —

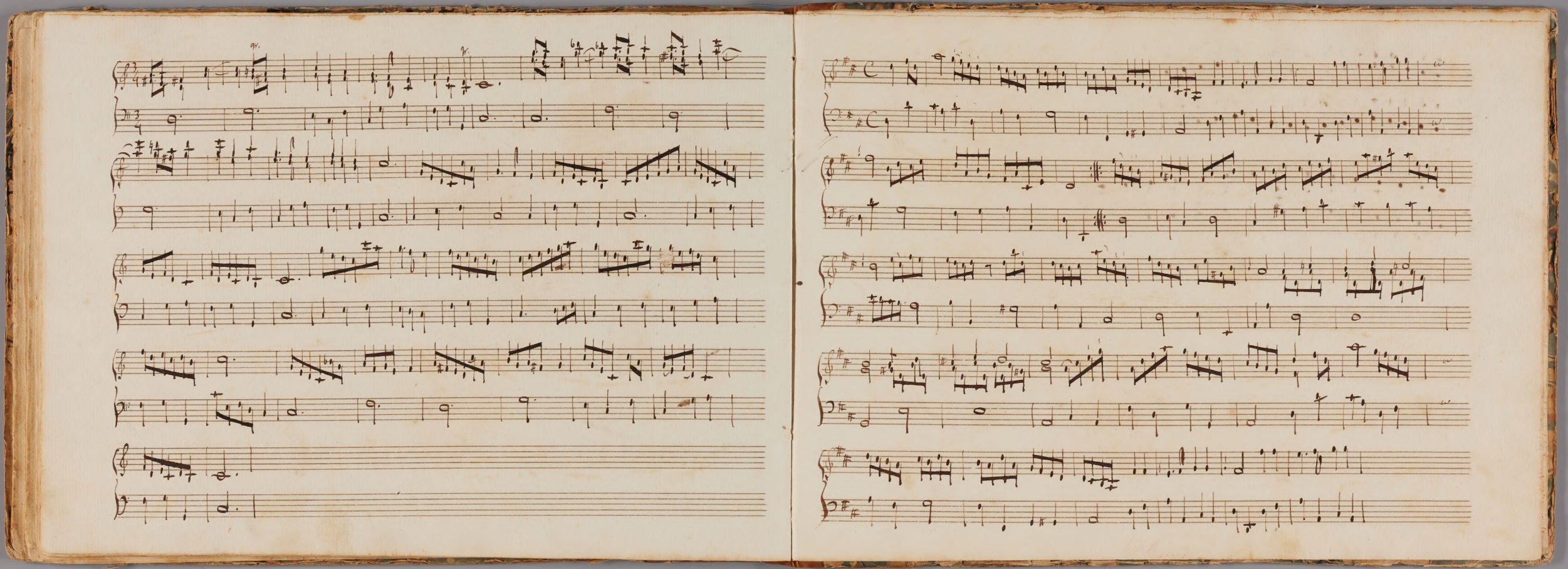
Minuetto

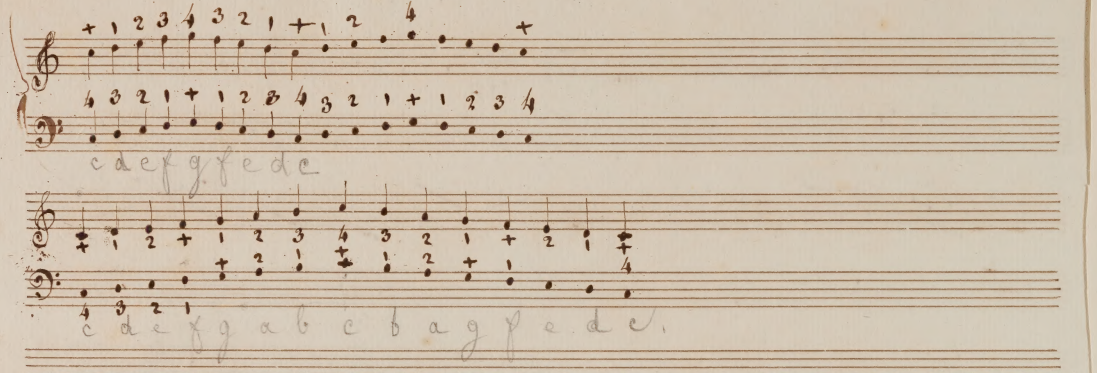
favorite Minuet

First time

Second time

Andante




c d e f g f e d c
c d e f g a b c b a g f e d c